

PIETY,
AND
POESY.

Contracted.

By T. J.

— K.



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PIETY,
AND
POESY.

*On the Title, that was fixed upon the Cross of
our Blessed Saviour.*

Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews

Implorat a te.

Almighty Maker (on whose sacred divine
The Seraph and the fac'd Cherubim
Attend with Holy Anthems) gracions be
To my Design; Oh make my Poetic
Pure as an Angels Essence, that it may
Sing in thy Quire, when my neglected Clay

B.

PIETY and POESY.

Becomes a prostrate Ruine, and is hurld
 To its first Earth, by the forgetfull VWorld;
 Oh! may each Line have a celestial Art,
 To make the Good prove Constant, Bad Convert:
 Then in this Line I may declare my Muse,
Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews.

This was once Pilat's Title, and his Jest *John*
 When it was fixt on the diviner Crest 19.19
 Of my Eternal Lord: Oh! I must grudge
 At thee false Pilat, Couldst thou judge thy Judge?
 Could thy oblivious Soul so soon expell
 The apprehension of each Miracle
 His potent Power performed? if he wou'd
Legions of Angels had secur'd his Bloud *Matth.*
 From thy insulting Tyranny, for hee 26.53
 That was thy Pris'ner, could have captiv'd Thee:
 Oh! then how durst thy Rebell heart abuse
Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews.

Why (like a just Judge) didst not punish them
 Who (ith' worst form of malice) Spit on him? *Mat.*
 Why did thy lewder Laws the Traitor miss 27.30
 That seal'd his Master's Murther with a Kiss? *Mar.*
 Why did thy black thoughts hold conspiracy 14.45
 To send him to thy long-vow'd Enemy? *Luke*
 His death, Pilat's and Herod's hatred ends, 23.7
 When True souls suffer, Impious men are Friends,
 But why did thy injurious Judgement passe *Mat.*
 On Jesus clear, for guilty Barrabas? 27.26
A

PIETY and POESY.

(A Murtherer) that did (like thee) refuse
Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews.

But (*Scriptum est*) Eternity decreed Mat. 26
That on the Crosse the King of kings must bleed,
Condemn'd by Vassals ; *Pilat*, dar'st thou sit
Upon the *Bench* for whom the *Bar* was fit ?
Obdurate Judge, could not thy Eyes relent
To see the glory of an Innocent
Brought to thy guilty Session? where the Jury
Instead of Good, and True, are fraught with Fury
Such (as without Examination) cry'd,
(With voyces lowd) *Let him be crucified,*
His Bloud be upon us : thus they accuse Matth.
Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews 27.23

Ye are all guilty, and his bloud will bee
On all your Generations : yet agree
To call your Verdicts back : No ? then go on :
They love no Good, dread no Damnation :
Me thinks the purple purchase *Judas* sent Matth.
Confessing he Betray'd the Innocent 27.4
Should give your guilty Sentence an affront,
His words were True, He took his Death upon't :
Though 'twas a desperate one ; Could he expect
A better End for such a bloody Act ?
Like Ends must fall to all who do refuse
Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews

PIETY and POESY.

All that you can alleadge, is this, He said,
Destroy this Temple; and (without Man's aid)
 You shall perceiv(e in 3 days space) that then *Mat.*
 (By my own power) *it shall be built agen :* 26.61.
 Where were your Wisdomes then ? could not your
 And learned *Rabbins* know the Mysteries (wife
 This Oracle pronounc'd ? He did foresheew
 The Temple of his Bodies overthrow :
 This Temple you do ruine, and you shou'd
 Pay for the Sacriledge, your guilty Bloud :
 Although with Stripes and Scorns still you abuse
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

He bears his Cross, toyls till he's out of breath, *John*
 Oh ! cruel, must he Labour for his Death? 19.17.
 But *Simon* takes his Burthen, and goes on *Mark*
 Under the Tree must bear Salvation : 15.21.
 A Fruit that we should for Souls comfort keep,
 Although the first Plantation makes me weep :
 Now was their Journey ended, for they saw
 The place of Death, *Skull-bearing-Golgotha ; Mark*
 There was the Cross up-reared, and on that, 15.22.
 My Lord was hoysted, nail'd, derided at,
 This Title plac'd upon him, which ensues,
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews. Job. 19.19.

Now doth he Pray, and his dread Father woo
 To Pardon, *cause they know not what they doe ; Luke*
 Now doth his Human Nature loudly cry, 23.34.
Eloi Eloi Lamaſabaſhanie : *Mark 15.34.*
Now

PIETY and POESY.

Now he resigns the Ghost, his Spirit flies, Mar.
Hierusalem is fill'd with *Prodigies*; 15.37.
 The Graves are open'd, the cold Dead come out,
 Ranging the fatal City round about; Mat. 27.52,53
 The Temple rends; how could it stand alone
 After the Jews remov'd the Corner Stone? Ephes.
 Oh! let this prompt my Soul nere to abuse 2.20.
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

A Dream of Dooms Day.

Dreams are the Stories of our Sleep, they be
 The things that best perswade, *Security*
 Is not in beds of softest Down, for they
 Disturb by Night, like our Designs by Day:
 Yet there be some who have them in election,
 To be the *Prophets* of our next days *Action*:
 I shall hold no opinion, but refer
 Them and their Natures to th' *Interpreter*:
 But I'll declare my own; The hour of *Night*,
Nature, and *Custom*, did at once invite
 My weary Brain to Rest. I made my Prayer
 To my Preserver, and did straight prepare
 To entertain their bounty: Not an hour
 Had Sleep possess'd me with his passive power,
 But such a *Dream* I had, as made me flow
 In my own Sweat and Tears, a greater woe
 Nere did engrosse the grieving soul of Man,
 Since those black days, *Egipts* ten plagues began.

PIETY and POESY,

The Dream.

ME thought up to a barren Mountains head,
High as ambitious *Babel*, I was led
By my own gentle *Genius*, there to see
What was nere taught me by *Cosmography*,
The *Quarters of the World*; Casting my eyes
Full in the East, the glorious Sun gan rise
Just in my Face, his Beams had so much pow'r,
They spoil'd my prospect; yet before an hour
Was full expir'd, me thought the Sun began
His Declination, it backwards ran,
Or else my eys deciev'd me; all the Air
Me thought grew thick, as if it did prepare
To give the Earth a showre; for I could spie
The chanting *Birds* unto their Nests to flie,
Beasts to their Caves, the *Night-bird* to begin
Her dismal Note, as when the Day shuts in:
And now the Sun was turn'd to darkness to,
Night never was so dark, Day did nere shew
So opposetly *light*, so that my Hand
Could scarce declare where my own feet did stand;
My Senses all were numm'd, and did resign
Their Faculties; I wish'd the *Moon* would shine,
That, since I was depriv'd the short Days light,
I might receive som solace from the Night:
The *Moon* did rise, and yet no sooner shone
In her full Sphear of Glorie, but was gone,

And

PIETY and POESY.

And nothing was left to be understood
 Where she declined, but an *Orb of Bloud*.
 Lord ! how I trembled then, so did the Hill
 Whereon I stood, as if't were Sensible
 Of this prodigious Change, the Stars did fall
 As soon as *fix*, and now, were *wandering* all :
Where were (thought I) *th' Astronomers this year,*
They did not quote this in the Kalender ?
 Now down the Hill I creep'd, purpos'd to see
 How the great City took this Prodigie :
 I saw't was full of *Lights*, ere I was there,
 I heard the cries of *Women*, a great fear
 Possess'd the Poorer sort, and such as those, (I *ose*)
 Whom , Heaven knows, had nought but *Lives* to
 The Rich were banquetting, ye might have spied
 In such a street a Bridegroom and his Bride
 Wedded for *Lust*, and *Riches* ! here agen,
 A Crew of costly *Drunkards*, that had been
 Making *one Day* of *seven* ; there another,
 Like cursed *Cain*, destroying his own *Brother* :
 Yonder a *Fourth*, who, in as great *excesse*,
 Wasteth his Soul with an *Adulteress* :
 Ere I could turn to such another sight,
 I did behold in Heaven a strange Light,
 As if't were burning *Brimstone*, and, at last,
 I could perceive it fall like rain, so fast,
 I thought that Heaven would have dropt, I cry'd
All you that will by Faith be Justified,
Stir not a foot ; this is the Fatal Day,
For which our Saviour bids you Watch and Pray.

PIETY and POESY.

Great Structures were but Bonfires, Turrets swom
 In their own Lead, whil'st here poor wretches come
 Half roasted in the Rain, and Mothers flie
 Laden with pretty Children, till they die:
 No *Dug* can still their crying, and each *Kisse*
 The *Mother* gives, a showre of Sulphur is:
Letchers, Insatiate *Strumpets*, with their flames,
 As they first met in fire, depart in flames;
 No flattering *Epitaph*, or *Elegie*,
 Hangs on the Herse of proud *Nobility*.
 The Epidemick fires, at once, do fling
 Into one *Grave*, a *Vassal*, and a *King*:
 Our *Judges* leave the *Senate*, throw away
 Their reverend Purple, and in Ashes pray
 To that great *Judge of Heaven*, in whose Eys
 Relenting Pitty, and Compunction lies:
Husbands embrace their *Wives*, but ere they part,
 Both burn to Cinders, Death had never Dart
 That gave such cruel Torments; some do flie
 To *Rivers* to assuage their Misery,
 But all in vain; for fire hath there more power
 Than ever water had, the flaming showre
 Is not to be avoided; all do run,
 But none know whether, now my *Dream* is done;
 For here I wak'd, and glad I was to see
 'Twas but a *Dream*; yet Lord, so gracious be
 To my request, that this Night's *Dream* may stay
 Still in my thoughts, then shall I *Watch* and *Pray*;
 Be ever Penitent with holy Sorrow, (row.
 For fear thou mak'st my *Dream* prove true to Mor-

PIETY and POESY.

On Lot's Wife looking back to Sodom.

COULD not the *Angels* charge (weak woman) turn
Thy longing Eyes from seeing *Sodom* burn?
What Consolation couldst thou think to see
In Punishments that were as due to thee?
For 'tis without dispute, thy onely Sin
Had made thee One, had not thy Husband been
His *Righteousness* preserv'd thee, who went on
Without desire to see Confusion
Rain on the wretched Citizens, but joy'd
That God decreed Thou shouldst not be destroy'd,
Nor thy two *Daughters*, who did likewise flee
The flaming Plague, without casting an Eye
Towards the burning *Towers*, what urg'd thee then
Since they went on, so to look back agen?
But God whose Mercy would not let his Ire
Punish thy *Crime*, as it did theirs, in fire;
With his divine Compunction did consent
At once to give thee *Death* and *Monument*;
Where I perceive engraved on thy stone
Are lines that tend to Exhortation:
Which that by thy Offence, I may take heed,
I shall (with sacred application) Read.

PIETY and POESY.

The Inscription.

X
IN this Pillar do I lie
Buried, where no mortal Eye
Ever could my Bones descry.

When I saw great *Sodom* burn
To this *Pillar* I did turn,
Where my *Body* is my *Urn*.

You to whom my *Corps* I shew
Take true warning by my wo,
Look not back when *God* cries Go.

They that toward virtue high
If but back they cast an Eye
Twice as far do from it flie.

Comme then I give to those
Which the path to blisse have chose,
Turn not back, ye cannot lose.

That way let your whole hearts lie,
If ye let them backward flie
They'll quickly grow as hard as I.

PIETY and POESY.

On Eve' tasting the Apple.

THe Fruit was amiable to the Eys,
'Twas fit for food, 'twas Good, 'twould make one
The subtil Serpent wanted neither tale, (Wife,
Nor terms of Art, to set the fruit to sale;
Me thinks the words th' Almighty did repeat,
In saying *Of this Tree yee shall not eat,*
Proposing punishment likewise, that by
The tasting this forbidden fruit, ye die,
Should have sufficient force in ye to fright
The Tempters craft, and your own Appetite:
Could ye conceit, a Serpent (made as you
By th' will of God) more than your Maker knew?
But tis in vain my passion thus to vent
'Gainst you that have receiv'd your punishment,
Yet give me leave to grieve; for, since your fall,
That fruit hath wrought diseases in us all.

On the Children of Israel murmur- ring at Manna.

BLind Israelites, can ye no sooner boast
Ye are secur'd from Pharaoh, and the coast
Of cruel Egypt, but (that to obtain
Their *Flesh-pots*) ye would be their Slaves again?
Hath great *Jehovah* made his Servants free,
And are they angry at their liberty?

Are

PIETY and POESY.

Are not your Labours ended? or doth Care
 Perplex your senses for the next days fare?
 What is't doth cause your murmur and disquiet?
 Are ye not fed with Manna? *Angels diet*:
 Are ye not sated ev'ry Morn and Even,
 With food in pearly viols, sent from Heaven?
 Your two first Parents in the Garden, had
 No greater store, why will you then be sad?
 And call down angry Justice, to exclude
 This plenty from you, for Ingratitude?
 Are ye not *God's Elect*? doth he not tell,
 He will protect his chosen Israel?
 And yet ye grieve, and murmur at the food
 He sends ye, which is temperately good,
 Fit for your Constitutions? and doth bless
 Your Bodies with it in a Wildernesse:
 These Acts of wonder, were your Food as base
 As it is very precious, might breed Grace
 In your ungratefull souls; you should consent
 Together to be thankfully Content,
 For these high Favors, which he nere did shew
 Since *Adams* fall, to any but to you:
 It is content, and thankfulness that makes
 Course Fare appear as fine as Costly Cakes:
 Then pray for those two Vertues, you that have
 More then a usefull plenty, yet still crave,
 Whilst the profusest Banqueter shall sit
 T' invent strange Dishes, til he wasts his wit,
 And starves his bodie to. It is not Meat
 Onely, that makes the body shew repleat;

PIETY and POESY.

But 'tis the *grace of God* that must attend
Our Meals in their *beginning* and their *end*.
That feeds the *poor man* when his Table's spread
With a *Course cloth*, the *Rich man's* refus'd bread,
And his own dear-got penny-worth, which (eat)
He neither doth repine, or wish for meat;
This is a life of *Peace, Content, and Good*,
It cherisheth as well the *Soul*, as *bloud*;
The dis-contented stomachs when they spie
A dish they like, oft surfet, or else die;
So did the *Israelites* when *Quails* were sent,
Their *plenty* did become their *punishment* :

But let me crave, Oh ! thou *Omnipotent*,
That canst, and dost allow *Food and Content*,
Thou Saviour, that didst the thousands feed
With *two poor Fishes*, and *five loaves of Bread*;
That didst the Tempters rude Request deny,
VWhen as thou saidst, *Man not by Bread onely*
Must live, but by the precious words that do
Proceed from thee, Grant me those Dishes too ;
For then I know *Want* never can controul
My repleat *Body* or inspired soul,
Let me with joy thy *Benefits* embrace
And, when thou send'st me *Manna*, give me *Grace*.

PIETY and POESY

Mary Magdalen's coming to the Tomb of our Saviour.

WHEN the full night was dark, and silent, then
To th' Sepulcher comes Mary Magdalen,
She fears no idle Fancies at the Night,
Faith in the deepest Darknes, shines most bright,
The Tombses rising, nor the Prodiges,
That came to grace the Worlds great Sacrifice,
Frighted not her, but all alone, to th' Tomb
Of her dead Lord is poor Maria come,
No Apparition could her terror be
An Apparition, 'twas the same to see.

On Peter called to be a Fisher of Men.

WHEN Simon Peter from his Fishers trade
By Christ was called, and a Man-fisher made,
The World soon scorn'd him, and would not be
Like Fish, by Peter, nor by Jesus Bought; (caught
Yet there is no great wonder in't, for when
Have ye known Fish affect the Fisher-men.

PIETY and POESY.

On Peter's Imprisonment and Release.

Is the Great Shepherd, whom our Saviour call'd
 To feed his Sheep and Lambs, like them, in all
 Now by a wolfish Tyrant? Or did he
 Envy our Peter's office? and would be
 Himself in that high place? *Bad men* (we know)
 Desire a *Good-man's* Title, though they show
 No virtue of their Calling, *Thieves* would be
 Term'd *True men*, though their Trade be *Felony*,
 'Tis a strange govern'd *Kingdom*, where they keep
Shepherds in *bold*, and *Wolves* to feed their *Sheep*:
 Must Heavens mighty Keeper now obey
 The wretched bondage of a *Jailors Key*?
 Must Fetters cling about his sacred Bones?
 And, for his *Guard*, four bold *Quaternions*
 Of Life-depriving *Souldiers*, such as file
 All acts that tend not unto *Tyranny*?
 What is the *Saint* accus'd of? Can your *Laws*
 Inflict a punishment without a *Cause*?
 Was he too Holy for your vicious *Time*?
 Too just? or, was his *Innocence* his *Crime*?
 'Tis a hard case where virtue must intreat
 For right, when Guilt sits on the Judgement seat:
 Peter this case is thine; yet (thou dost know)
 Not thine alone, 'twas our great Masters too,
 Then since his Neck unto that Yoke did come
 There is no Majesty, like *Martyrdom*:

Observe

PIETY and POESY

Observe the Sequel : In the dead of Night,
 VVhen Silence rul'd the sleepey VVorld, and Light
 VVas quite extinguish'd, (for the Lord did make
 It darker sure, for his lov'd Peter's sake)
 For whose abuse Herod and's impious Men
 Might well despair of seeing day agen :
 In prison twixt two stout-arm'd Souldiers, there
 Most sweetly slept our holy Prisoner, (immure
 Though burthened with his Chains, Nought can
 Rest from that Soul that is from guilt secure :
 A sudden Light more glorious than the Sun
 Enter'd the Prison VValls, which first begun
 To strike and awake Peter, it is held
 A doubt, whether that Peter first did yield
 The motion of his Eyes unto the smite
 This glorious body gave him, or his Light,
 But now he is commanded to arise,
 To shake his Bonds off, which he doth, off flies
 The Locks, and Bolts of Prison-Doors, and He
 Follows this Light that leads to Liberty :
 Thus, in one Minute, doth the Jailor leese
 (Spight of his care) his Prisoner, and his Fees.

Imploration.

Lord fill my Soul with Innocence, and then
 I care not though I be in Daniels den,
 Pth' fiery Furnace nought can me assail ;
 Were I lock'd up in Jonah's water Goal ;

PIETY and POESY.

Just *Josephs* pit, or *Peter's* prison, all
If I remain in *Innocence* are small :
And, as thou saidst to *Peter*, say to me
Shake of thy *Bonds*, Ile do't, and *Follow* thee.

On the Penitent Thiefe upon the Cross. *

T Was time to cry *Remember*, 'twas an hour
Fit to invoke thy dying *Saviour*
For an *eternal* life, yet it is strange
To see this *blessed*, un-expected, *Change*
In thee, a *Thief*, how couldst thou hope to be
Preserv'd by him, that was condemn'd like thee?
Or if thou didst conceit his power could give
A *Life* to thee, Why didst not ask to *live*?
As did thy *Partner*, whose desire was thus,
If thou be *Christ*, save thou thy self and *Us* :
Then might ye hope after your strange *Reprieves*
To rob agen, be more notorious *Thieves*,
Resolve to keep the *Passenger* in aw,
To steal in spight of *Conscience*, or *Law* ;
Why didst thou ask his *Kingdom*, there's no place
Fit for thy *Trade*, No *Mask* to hide thy face
From the known *Traveller* ; the *Wealth* he gives
Can never be devour'd by *Rust*, or *Thieves* :
But this was not thy *Aim*, thy *Lord* could see ;
'Twas not for this thou cri'dst *Remember* me :
For thou wert *Penitent*, and from each *Eye*
True drops did fall to purge thy *Eclony* ;

PIETY and POESY.

What ever thou didst force from any one
 Thy Teares distill'd a Restitution;
 But what did cause all this? sure 'twas that Eye
 That look'd and made forgetful Peter cry
 After his *Third Deniall*, whose ble's'd Sight
 Can give a *Thief Repentance, blinde men, light*;
 Thence came that *Faith*, which made thee to believe
 This *Jesus* had a *Kingdom* for to give:
 That taught thee to obtain it, that did shew
 How by *Repentance* thou must thither go;
 That made thee to cry out undauntly,
When thou com'st thither, Lord, Remember me:
 Let me *Sweet Saviour* take this *Thief's* advice,
And I shall be with thee in Paradise:
 No Fagot, Gibbet, Rack, or Ax shall fear me,
 If on my *Crosse*, I have a *Cure* so near me.

Charity begins at home.

When *Christ* (to save Believers from all evils)
 Gave his Disciples power to cast out Devils,
Judas (who did his *Master's* life betray)
 It is suppos'd, had no lesse power than they;
 And yet we cannot read amongst the many
 Great Acts they did, that ere he cast out any
 The Obstacle is found, for *Judas* sins
 In the first Rule, where *Charity begins*,
 It was not strange, he dis-possessed none
 From others, that could not first cast out: own:

Learn

PIETY and POESY.

Learn here ye Teachers, ere ye go about
To clear mens Eyes, first take your own beams out :
That then those beams of darkness being gon
Men may behold in you the Beams oth' Son.

On holy Fasting, and on holy hunger.

AN holy Fasting may be call'd a Feast,
It feeds the fainting Soul, and gives it rest,
He that would gain a life for Everlasting
By God's account, is onely full with fasting,
A holy Hunger doth suppress all Evil,
That kinde of Hunger famisheth the Devil.

On our Saviour paying Tribute.

IT was decreed the King of Kings must pay
Exacted Tribute, to a King of Clay :
Cesar must have his Image, and his birth
May well exact it, 'tis but Earth to Earth :
We are Christs Image, our Souls onely easer,
Why should not he have's due as well as Cesar ?

On Paul's healing the Creeple at Lystra.

WHen Christ to Paul his Curing power reveal'd
And he at Lystra had a Creeple heal'd,
The astonish'd People, with hands heav'd on high,
Adore him by the name of Mercury,

PIETY and POESY.

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 Thy *Teares* distill'd a *Restitution* ;
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PIETY and POESY.

The God of Eloquence, and well they might
Whose Tongue could make a Creeple walk upright;

On the holy Ghost descending like a Dove.

WHen John (unwilling 'cause unworthy) lead
Christ into Jordan, ore his glorious head
Hovers a Dove, whose bright wings would not cease
Till they were spread over the Prince of peace;
Well may our Turtles grieve their sad estates,
When Doves from Heaven come to seek their Mates.

Sapiens Dominabitur Astris.

GAve the star light to th' three Wise men from far?
No 'twas their Faith gave light unto the star.

On the Pharisees requiring of a Sign.

YE faithless Pharisees, what would ye more
To shew the Coming of our Saviour
Then ye have seen? hath not his power, and might;
Given Creeples legs? and to the blinde their sight?
Restor'd to life, and health, a Corps that dyed,
Was shrowded, coffin'd, grav'd, and putrified?
Fed many souls, turn'd Water into Wine?
Yet (for all this) ye still require a Sign;
Our Saviour still, some greater Sign must give;
It is a sign (vain men) you'll not believe.

PIETY and POESY.

On our Saviour's receiving of Children.

EXcept we be converted, and become
As little Children we shall have no room
In God's eternal Kingdom, and who ere
Can be so humble, shall be greatest there,
Or he that will receive so sweet a flower
Into his bosom, hugs his Saviour:
But he that shall offend such little Ones
That are believing, better 'twere Mill-stones
Were hung about his fatal neck; and he
Render'd a prey to the devouring sea:
If Children Lord, are acceptable then
Make me a Child, Let me be born agen.

On our Saviour's saying, he brought a Sword,

Our Saviour said, he came to bring a Sword
Into the World, 'tis true, that was his Word
Lord, strike our hearts with that, and so assure us
That way of wounding is the means to cure us.

On Saul's Conversion in his Journey to Damascus.

When Saul was call'd to be a Convertite, (light
God's glorious presence struck him blind with
What strange Enigmæ Heaven can devise,
Saul then saw clearest, when he lost his Eyes.

PIETY and POESY,

The lustre struck him to the Earth, and he
At that rebound rise to Eternity ;
Look here *Ambition*, learn this of *Saul*,
The onely way to rise high, is to fall.

On the words, Scriptum est.

Our Saviour gives the perfect Revelation
To his Disciples of his Death, and Passion,
When Wisemen see known Dangers they prevent um,
Yet Christ fore-saw his Wrongs, but under-went um;
He did expect no quiet, ease, or rest,
Untill he had perform'd *Quod scriptum est.*

*An Eclogue betwixt Saul, the Witch of
Endor, and the Ghost of Samuel.*

The Introduction.

When as the proud *Philistines* did prepare
Their Bands in frightfull order to make War
Against the *Israelites*, *Saul* (their wish'd King)
March'd forth, and unto *Gilboa* did bring
All *Israel*, where (till the sad Events (Tents
The threatning War had brought) they pitch'd their
But when the Host of the proud Foe appear'd
To *Saul* so infinite, he greatly fear'd;
The rather 'cause he did no more inherit
The Divine Power of a Prophetick Spirit :

For

PIETY and POESY.

For now the Power of God had left him so,
That he by *Prophecy* nor *Dream* could know
His *future fate*, from him all power went
That doth support *Kings just*, and *innocent* ;
And now a fearfull rage usurpeth all
His nobler *thoughts*, he doth begin to call
For *Wizards*, *Witches*, and his Fate refers
No more to *Prophets* but to *Sorcerers* :
A Woman must be found, whose breast inherits
The damn'd Delusions of *predictive Spirits* ;

So in my younger observation

Of this vile World, I have cast my Eyes upon
A fawning *Parasite* who for some Boon
His Patron had to graunt, would beg, fall down
Before him for it ; which being deny'd,
His Humbleness converts to its old Pride,
He grows Malicious, what he did desire
Before with Meekness, now he'll win with Ire ;
If Cruelty and Murther can prefer
His long-wish'd *Ends*, he'll be a Murtherer,
Or any thing of horror, yet will pray
And beg, at first, to ha't the safest way ;
Though 'tis not *Love*, or *Service*, he extends,
But Flattery to purchase his own *Ends* :
So *Saul's* resolv'd, since *Heaven* denies to tell
What he would *know*, makes his next means to *Hell* :
To *Endor* goes accompanied by No man ;
And, with these words, invokes th' *Infernal Woman*,

PIETY and POESY.

Saul and the Witch,

Saul. **T**Hou learned Mother of mysterious Arts,
 I come to know what thy deep skill im-
 By Neeromancie : Thou whose awfull power (parts
 Can raise winds, thunder, lightnings, canst deflower
 The Spring of her new Crop : Of thee I crave
 That thou wilt raise some spirit from the grave,
 Who may divine unto me, whether Fate
 Will make me happy, or unfortunate
 In my next Enterprize.

Witch. Strange Man forbear ;
 Whose Craft instructed thee to set a snare
 For my most wretched Life ? Dost thou not know
 King Saul proclaims himself a mortal foe
 To our black Colledge ? Hath not his Command
 Ruin'd the great'st Magicians of the Land ?
 Is't not enough, I am confin'd to dwell
 In the dark building of an unknown Cell,
 Where I converse with nought, but Batts and Owls,
 Ravens and night-Crows, who, from dismal holes,
 I send to sick-mens windows, to declare
 Death's Embassie, to the offended Ear
 Of the declining Patient : Wherefore (pray)
 Seek ye this horrid Mansion, to betray
 The haplesse Owner ?

Sau. Woman do not fear,
 I do not seek thee out, or set a snare
 To get thy Life ; for, finish my intent,
 As the Lord lives, there is no punishment

Shall

PIETY and POESY,

Shall be inflicted on thee; I will be
A gratefull debtor to thy *Art* and *Thee*:
Be speedy then. Oh! how I long to hear
The Message of my *Fate*!

Wit. Whom shall I rear?

Sau. Old *Samuel*.

Wit. 'Tis done. Ye Fiends below,
That wait upon our will, one of you goe,
Assume the shape of *Samuel*, and appear,
With such a Voice, and Likeness: or declare
The Reason why you cannot; for I fear,
Ye dare not do it.

Spirit. Dare not? I am here.

Wit. Oh! I am lost; the unknown *Fates* decreed
Have set a period to my *Art* and *Me*.
Why didst thou thus thy *Royalty* obscure,
To take me Acting my Designs impure;
In th' midst of them for to contrive my fall;
So sure my *Death* is, as thy *Name* is *Saul*.

Sau. Though thou divin'st me right, yet do not
But let me understand, what did appear (Fear,
After thy *Tucentations*?

Wit. You shall know:
I saw immortal Gods rise from below,
And after them, a Rev'rend aged Man,
Out of the Deep (with speedy passage) ran,
Lapt in a Mantle, his white gentle Hairs
Express'd a Brief of many well-spent years:
Within whose Cheeks, bright *Innocence* did move,
His Eys reverted to the Joys above,

(Like

PIETY and POESY.

(Like holy men in prayer) and now appears
To hear your will, and terminate your fears.

Samuel, Saul, and the Witch of Endor.

Sam. Why from the cold bed of my quiet Grave
Am I thus summon'd *Saul*? what wouldst thou have?
Why must thy Incantations call up me
From secure sleep? are men in Graves not free?

Saul. Divineſt Spirit of bleſt Samuel,
The Causes that by Necromantick Spell
I am induc'd to raise thee from thy Grave
Are these, within my restless Soul I have
A thousand Torments, The Philistines are
Prepar'd against me with a dreadful War
And the Almighty who hath stood my Friend
In many Battels, given victorious End
To all my Actions, and (in Dreams) would shew
Whether I should be Conquerour or no,
All things so near unto my Wishes brought
I knew the Battels End, ere it was Fought,
But now no Invocations can desire
The all-disposing Power to inspire
My longing Soul with so much Angury
As serves to prophesie my Misery;
These are the Causes make me thus return
To thee, though sleeping in thy peacefull Urn.

Sam. Com'st thou to me to know thy Enterprize?
Can Man make manifest what God denies?

Ye

PIETY and POESY.

Yet I shall ease thy doubt; and now prepare
 To hear the fatal passage of thy *War*,
 So sad a Sonnet to thy Soul I'll sing,
 Thou'lt say it is a *Curse* to be a *King*;
 That all his *Pomp*, *Titles*, and *Dignity*,
 Are glorious *Woes*, and *Royal Misery*:
 As good *Kings* are call'd Gods that suppress *Evils*,
 So bad *Kings* (worse than *Men*) grow worse than *De*
 But these are exhortations fit for those (*vils.*
 That have a *Crown* and People to dispose;
 Alas! thou'lt none, but what adds to thy *Crosse*,
 Thou hast it, to be ruin'd with the *losse*;
 Thy *Diadem*, upon thy Head long worn
 In *Majesty*, shall from thy front be torn,
 So shall thy *Kingdome* from thy power be rent,
 And given to *David* as his *Tenement*,
 Before the *sun* hath once his journey gone
 Unto the *West*, thou shalt be *overthrown*
 By the *Philistines*, all this shalt thou see,
 And then thou and thy sons shall be with me.
 But all these sorrows would have been *Delights*,
 Hadst thou against the Curs'd *Amalekites*
 Obey'd the *Almighties* will. But 'tis too late
 Now to exhort; farewell, attend thy *Fate*,
San. Oh! *disfmal Doom*, more than my Soul can
 A thousand *Furies* in a Band appear, (*beare*
 To execute their charge; a *Ghost* doth doth bring
 News that doth make a *shadow* of a *King*.
 Oh! wretched *Dignity*! what is thy end?
 That men should to their fond *Affections* bend

To

PIETY and POESY.

To compasse their Frail Glory? half these woes
That I have on me, would confound my Foes:
Must these mysterious Miseries begin
With me, the small'st o'th' *Tribe of Benjamin*?
It could not else be stil'd a perfect *Thral*l;
The highest *Riser*, hath the lowest fall.
Would I had still kept on my weary way,
To seek my Fathers *Asses*, then to stray
This Princely path of *passions*; I had then,
As now most curs'd, been *happiest* among men,
Ye Princes, that successfully shall Reign
After my haplesse End, with care and pain,
Peruse my pitied Story, do not be
Too confident of your frail Sov'reignty;
If *Idultry* could safety bring,
Why was't not mine (a *Prophet* and a *King*?)
And (for a *Friend*) what Mortal can excel
The Knowledge of *Seraphick Samuel*?
Who had he liv'd, and I his Counsel taken,
I had not (as I am) been thus forsaken;
But now I shake thee off, *vain World*, Farewel;
Here lies entomb'd the *King of Israel*.
All you that stand, be wary lest you fall,
And when ye think you're sure, Remember *Saul*.

LET US PRAY.

AFTER the Creed, our holy Pastors say
Unto their Congregations *Let us pray*.
The Custom is divine, it argues, they
That are Believers must not cease to Pray.

Sure

PIETY and POESY.

29

Sure those *three words* contain a charm that may
 Protect *Believers*, therefore *Let us pray.*
 Would we resist *temptation*, the broad way
 That leads to black *Damnation*? *Let us pray.*
 Would we have *Names* and *Honors* nere decay,
 But flourish like the *Spring-time*? *Let us pray.*
 Would we live long and happy, have each day
 Crown'd with a thousand *blessings*? *Let us pray.*
 Would we have *Jesus Christ* the onely stay
 Of our sick *souls* and *bodies*? *Let us pray.*
 Are we with *Judas* ready to betray
 Our *Friends* for fatal *treasure*? *Let us pray.*
 Are we grown proudly *wise*, will know no way
 To *Heaven* but our own? *pray* *Let us pray.*
 Are we so full of *wrath*, that we could *slay*
 Our nearest, dearest *Kindred*? *Let us pray.*
 Have we committed *Treason*, and no way
 Is left but *desperation*? *Let us pray.*
 Do we with *Dives* let poor *Laz'rus* stay
Fasting, while we are *Feasting*? *Let us pray.*
 Lest evil-*Angels* bear our *Souls* away,
 As they did his, to *torment*, *Let us pray.*
 Are we in dismal *Dungeons* doom'd to stay,
 'Till *Death* allow enlargement? *Let us pray.*
 Are we so us'd to swear, that *Yea* and *Nay*
 Are words of no *Affertion*? *Let us pray.*
 Doth *Pestilence* possess us? lest *Delay*
 Consume us in a *moment*, *Let us pray.*
 Are we in wrathfull *War*, where *Tyrants* sway
 The sword of black *injustice*? *Let us pray.*
 Would

PIETY and POESY.

Would we return victorious? win the day
 From our red Adversaries? *Let us pray.*
 Doth Famine vex our Nation, and decay
 Our (once too pamp'rd) bodies? *Let us pray.*
 Doth Causeless Care oppresse us, that to day
 We cast for food to Morrow? *Let us pray.*
 Are we despis'd? contemn'd? made to obey
 The wrath of other Nations? *Let us pray.*
 Are we in sickness, and would gladly play
 The sanctifi'd Physitians? *Let us pray.*
 Doth Death approach us? lest too long Delay
 Lose both our Souls and Bodies, *Let us pray.*
 Would we be ready for Dooms dreadfull day?
 Let us (like *Ninevites*) *Fast, Watch, and Pray.*
 Sure sinfull *Sodom* had been sav'd, had they
 With one entire consent said, *Let us pray.*
 And put those words in practise; what we may
 Obtain by *Faith* and *Prayer*, who can say,
 But those blest Souls in Heaven? If Despair
 Poyson the Soul, no Antidote like *Prayer*.
 If, in the stead of Disputations, we
 These seven years, had put our *Piety*
 Into the *Act* of *Prayer*, we might have bin
 Free from those Mischiefs past, or now begin:
Prayer is the *Key* of *Heaven*, way to *quiet*,
 The *Land's* preservative, the *Angels* diet:
 It breaks the rage of Thunder, calms the Ocean,
 It is the sweetest *Issue* of *Devotion*:
 The Soul put into *Language*, a *Design*.
 That (by just claim) doth make *Gods Kingdom* thine
 The

PIETY and POESY.

The Princes Treasury, the Earths increase,
The Christian's Sacrifice, the Path to Peace,
If we would have more blisse than Men can say,
Pens write, or Angels tell us, Let us pray.

An Acrostick containing the Ten COMMANDMENTS.

E X O D. XX.

T hy God of Gods I am, whose hand	I
H ath Ransom'd thee from Egypt's Land,	II
O h ! then no other Gods implore.	III
M ake no carv'd Statues to adore.	IV
A lmighty God speak not in vain.	V
S ee that his Sabbath thou maintain.	VI
J n honor let thy Parents be.	VII
O ppose thy Wrath, from Murther flie.	VIII
R eject Adulteries, faint pleasure.	IX
D o not steal in any Measure.	X
A bandon all false Witnesse, never love it,	
N or let thy Soul thy Neighbors Riches covet.	

Intemperance.

PIETY and POESY.

*Intemperance.**A Fancy upon V Words.*

HE that's devoted to the GLASS,
 The Dice, or a Lascivious LASS,
 At his own price is made an ASS.

He that is greedy of the GRAPE,
 On Reason doth commit a RAPE,
 And changeth habit with an APE.

The Lover whose Devotion FLYES
 Up to the Sphere where Beauty LYES,
 Makes burning-glasses of his EYES.

If long he to that Idol PRAY
 His Sight, by Loves inflaming RAY,
 Is lost * For ever and for AY.

* Rob. Wisdome.

Elegiack

ELEGIACK POEMS.

Grave although Young, who in his heart did prize
Learning, and yet not *wittier* than *wise*;
 Religious without Faction, and could be
 Courteous without the Court Hypocrisie,
 Just to his Friends, not Hatefull to his Foes,
 For he had none, though Virtue seldom goes
 By Envie unattended; He was one
 In whom appear'd much of *Perfection*,
 But Death (the due of Nature) must be paid,
 Beauty, and Strength must in a Grave be laid:
 So hasty and unwilling to defer
 The time, is our great grim, Commissioner;
 Then let us mourn, let our true Sorrow swim,
 That he is not with us, or we with him:
 'Tis Good to mourn for Good, as to Regard,
 Or pity, is a kinde of a Reward:
 His latest precious Breathings, had respect
 To nothing more than divine Dialect,
 Which he committed to his mourning Friends;
 In Exhortations for their better Ends
 Unlocks his breast, which onely could express
 Aspiring Prayers, and pious pensiveness;
 Thus like a Traveller (that will not stray
 To any talk, but's journey, and his way)
 Our Peregrine discourseth, till at last
 As Tapers, near their end give greatest blast,
 He dies, and all the Duty I can do
 Is on his Herse to fix a Line or two.

ELEGIACK POEMS.

The Epitaph.

UNderneath this Marble lies
Youth's decay, that Merchants prize,
Who trades for what is *just* and *wise*.

On this Urn let no man laugh,
Reader, if thou keep him safe,
His Name shall be thy Epitaph.

Let no one here presume to Read
Unless he be by sorrow lead,
To drop a Tear upon the dead.

It shall be but lent, for when
Thou com'st to th' period of all Men,
His Friends shall pay thy Drops agen.

*On the Death of the most worthily honour'd
Mr. John Sidney, who dyed full of
the Small Pox,*

Sidney is dead, a Man whose name makes furrows
In his Friends Cheeks, channel'd with Tears for
Within whose *Microcosm* was combin'd (Sorrows,
All Ornaments of Body, and of Minde:

ELEGIACK POEMS.

In whose good Acts, you might such vollumes see,
 As did exceed th' extent of *Heraldry*;
 Whose well-compos'd *Excellencies*, wrought
 Beyond the largest scope of *humane thought*.
 Indeed, within his *Life's* short little Span,
 Was all could be contracted in one *Man*;
 And He that would write his true *Elegie*,
 Must not Court *Muses*, but *Divinity*.

He's *Dead*: But *Death*, I have a Speech, in vain,
 Directed unto *Thee*, where I complain
 Upon thy cruel Office, that could find
 No way to part his *Body* and his *Mind*,
 But by a fatal *sickness*, that confounds
 The beautiful *Patient*, with so many *wounds*;
 Sure when thou mad'st his *Fabrick* to shiver,
 Thou could'st not chuse but empty all thy *Quiver*,
 What *Man* (to all odds open) in the *Wars*,
 Dies with such a Solemnity of *Scars*?
 Yet his great *Spirit* gives the Reason *why*,
 Without that Number, *Sidney* could not die:
 And therefore we will Pen it in his *Story*,
 What thou intend'st his *Ruine*, is his *Glory*;
 So when the Heavenly *Globe* I've look'd upon,
 Have I beheld the *Constellation*
 Of *Jupiter*, and on all parts descri'd
 Th' illuminated *Body* stellified,
 Sprinkled about with *Stars*, so that you might
 Behold his *Limbs* and *Hair*, powder'd with *Light*:
 This wee'l apply, that, though we lose him here,
 His *Soul* shall shine in a *Celestial Sphere*.

The

ELEGIACK POEMS.

The Epitaph.

IN this sacred Urn there lies,
Till the last Trump make it rise,
A Light that's wanting in the Skies.

A Corps enveloped with Stars,
Who, though a Stranger to the Wars,
Was mark'd with many hundred Scars.

Death (at once) spent all his store
Of Darts, which this fair Body bore,
Though fewer, had kill'd many more.

For him our own safe Tears we quaff.
Whose Virtues shall preserve him safe
Beyond the power of Epitaph.

*An Elegie on the lamented Death of the virtuous
Mis Anne Phillips, Dedicate to her Son
and Heir Mr. Edmond Phillips.*

Religious Creature, on thy sacred Hesse
Let my sad Muse engrave a weeping Verse
In watry Characters, which nere shall dry,
Whil'st Men survive to write an Elegy:

ELEGIACK POEMS.

Dull Brass, Proud Marble, and Arabian Gold,
 (Though they tyre Time and Ruine) shall not hold
 Their aged Letters half so long, as we
 Shall keep thy living worth in Memory :
 Obedience was thy study, Truth thy aim,
 Wisdome thy worship, Fortitude thy fame,
 Patience thy peace, and all good Eys might see
 Thou did'st retain Faith, Hope, and Charity.
 Within the holy treasure of thy Mind,
 Were the choise vertues of all Women-kind ;
 Nothing that had affinity with good,
 But liv'd within thy Spirit or thy Bloud ;
 No costly Marble need on thee be spent,
 Thy deathlesse Worth is thine own Monument.

*Thoughts of Life and Death, written upon
 the occasion, ex tempore.*

I Never look on Life, but with a loathing,
 When it is sterill, and conduceth nothing
 To my Eternal Being ; but when I
 Find it devoted to the Deity,
 To love my Neighbour, and obey that State
 Which God hath made next, and immediate,
 Under his sacred Power ; when I have will
 To Forgive him that doth me greatest ill ;
 To calm my Passions, to content my Friends,
 And do no Acts that savour of self-ends,
 Then I love Life ; but wanting this, I have
 No joy, but to exchange it for a Grave.

ELEGIACK POEMS

39.

An Epitaph on the Death of an Organist.

Within this Earth (a place of low condition)
Intomb'd, here lies, an exquisite Musician :
Living, he thriv'd by *Concord*, and agreeing,
Looking from all things, to *Eternal* being :
In *Equal Rule* and *Space* he lead his life ;
A constant, honest, *Consort* to his Wife,
Much troubled *Musick* suffer'd such derision
By many, that began *Points of Division* :
He now, without controul, no question, sings
Eternal Anthems to the *King of Kings*.

An Epitaph on Himself.

Nay, Reade, and spare not, Passenger,
My sense is now past feeling,
Who to my Grave a Wound did bear
Within, past Phisicks healing.

But do not (if thou mean to Wed)
To read my Story tarry,
Least thou Envy me this cold Bed,
Rather than live to marry.

ELEGIACK POEMS

For a long strife, with a lewd Wife
 (Worst of all Ills beside)
 Made me grow weary of my Life,
 So I fell sick, and died.

*An Epitaph on a Strumpet, buried at Graves-
 end, once at my landing there, to go to
 Canterbury.*

WE read, that Sacred Solomon would have
 No nice distinction 'twixt a Whore and Grave:
 Since it is so, then now it may be said,
 That heare a Grave within a Grave is laid:
 She was no Sexton's wife, yet now and then
 Suspicion said, she buried many a Man;
 But now the Grave is dead, why then (my Friend)
 The worst is past, Thou'rt Welcome to Graves-end.

*An Epitaph on my worthy Friend
 Mr. John Kirk.*

REader, Within this Dormitory, lies
 The wet Memento of a Widdow's Eye;
 A Kirk, though not of Scotland, One in whom
 Loyalty liv'd, and Faction found no room:
 No Conventicle Christian, but he Died
 A Kirk of England by the Mothers side.
 In brief, to let you know what you have lost,
 Kirk was a Temple of the Holy Ghost.

F I N I S.

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